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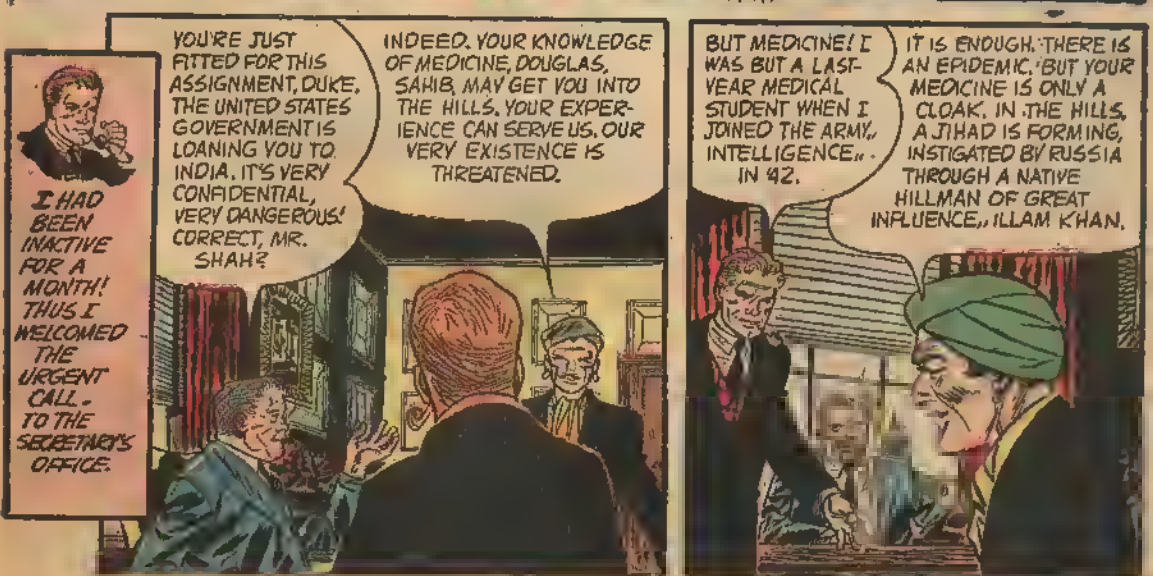
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KHYBER INCIDENT



"THE HILLS ABOVE THE KHYBER PASS, WHERE MEN GIVE THANKS TO ALLAH FOR THE SHARPNESS OF THEIR KNIVES BUT MOST OF ALL FOR THE BLOOD OF THEIR ENEMIES.....THERE I WAS SENT, WITH NO WEAPON, SAVE MY KNOWLEDGE OF MEN AND (THEY HOPED) A SHARP WIT!

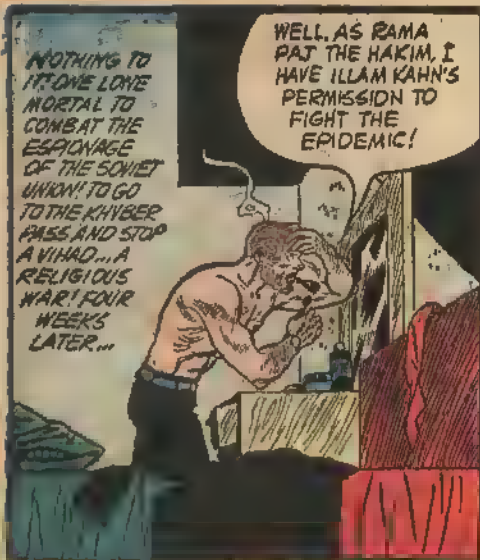


YOU'RE JUST FITTED FOR THIS ASSIGNMENT, DUKE. THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT IS LOANING YOU TO INDIA. IT'S VERY CONFIDENTIAL, VERY DANGEROUS! CORRECT, MR. SHAH?

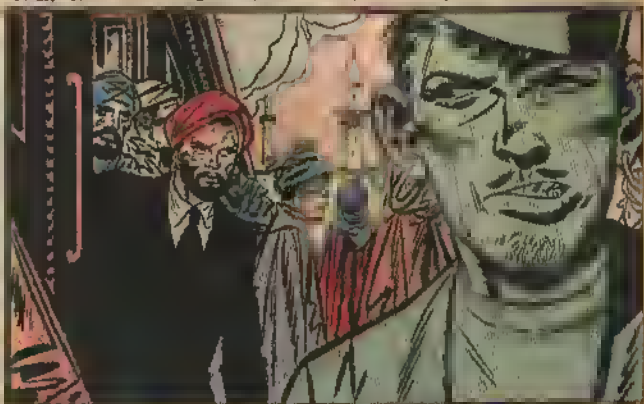
INDEED. YOUR KNOWLEDGE OF MEDICINE, DOUGLAS, SAHIB, MAY GET YOU INTO THE HILLS. YOUR EXPERIENCE CAN SERVE US. OUR VERY EXISTENCE IS THREATENED.

BUT MEDICINE! I WAS BUT A LAST-YEAR MEDICAL STUDENT WHEN I JOINED THE ARMY, INTELLIGENCE" IN 42.

IT IS ENOUGH. THERE IS AN EPIDEMIC. BUT YOUR MEDICINE IS ONLY A CLOAK. IN THE HILLS, A JIHAD IS FORMING, INSTIGATED BY RUSSIA THROUGH A NATIVE HILLMAN OF GREAT INFLUENCE, ILLAM KHAN.



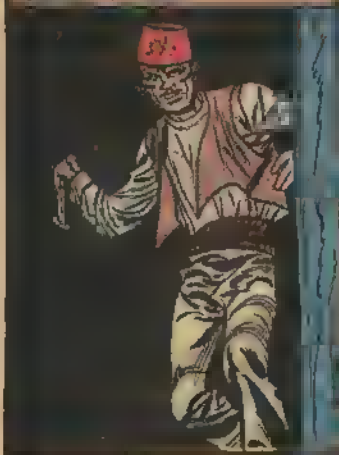
I HAD COME BY WATER AND TRAIN, HAVING CHOSEN THE SLOWER WAY TO TRAVEL, SO I MIGHT MIX WITH CROWDS, THUS GRADUALLY ADJUST MYSELF TO THE ROLE OF WEALTHY MUSLIM PHYSICIAN, INTERESTED IN HIS COUNTRYMEN. I HAD REACHED NEAR PERFECTION BY THE TIME I ARRIVED IN DELHI... NOW I HAD ONLY TO STAY ALIVE AND OUTGUESS THE SOVIET, BEFORE THEY SHOULD OUTGUESS AND ELIMINATE... ME!



THAT I STAYED ALIVE FIVE MINUTES AFTER LEAVING THE TRAIN WAS ONLY BY THE GRACE OF FATE...

...THAT CAUSED MY SHOELACE TO BECOME UNKNOTTED...

I GOT AWAY FROM THE SCENE OF THE KNIFING AS FAST AS I COULD. I COULD NOT AFFORD TO BECOME A WITNESS FOR THE POLICE. I COULD NOT AFFORD TO BE QUESTIONED...



IT WAS COINCIDENCE! IT HAD TO BE! NO ONE BUT ILLAM KAHN KNOWS THAT I AM COMING, AND **NOT EVEN** HE KNOWS WHAT I LOOK LIKE!

I TOLD MYSELF THE KNIFE WAS NOT MEANT FOR ME, BUT IT DID NOT STOP THE PRICKLING SENSATION ALONG MY SPINE. I FELT BETTER WHEN I HAD LOCKED MYSELF INSIDE MY HOTEL ROOM, THEN...



HMMM. AN ENVELOPE ADDRESSED TO ME. I CAN READ IT FROM HERE! TO RAMA PAN SAHIB!

I TORE OPEN THE ENVELOPE. INSIDE WAS A LETTER—TYPE WRITTEN, BUT TYPEWRITTEN IN URDU. I TRANSLATED...

"TO RAMA PAJ SAHIB BY THE ORDER OF THE SECRETARY TO ILLAM KHAN: BEFORE YOU JOURNEY INTO THE HILLS, DISCUSSION AND TEA AWAITS YOU AT 17 GAIWADI THIS EVENING AT SEVEN."



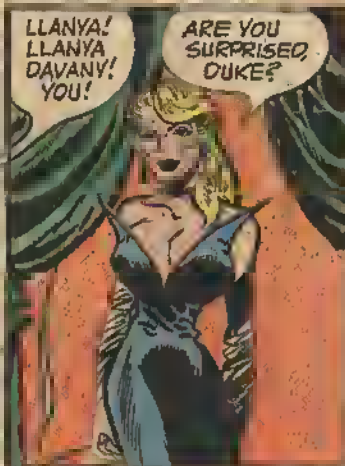
IT WAS ALL TOO PAT, YET I COULD NOT REFUSE TO GO, FOR THE ADDRESS WAS GENUINE, THE ONE TO WHICH I PREVIOUSLY HAD SENT ALL MY CORRESPONDENCE. AS I STOOD IN THAT STRANGE, EXOTIC ROOM, MY MIND PONDERED THE QUESTION OVER AND OVER...



HELLO DUKE!



I TURNED FACING HER, NOTING THAT SHE WAS AS BEAUTIFUL... AND DOUBTLESS AS DEADLY AS EVER!...



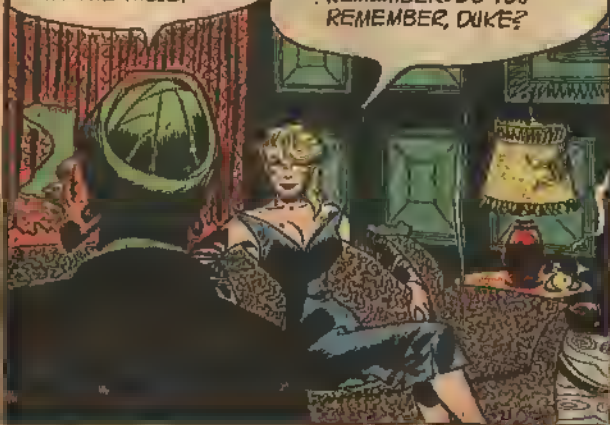
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

ME? I'M SECRETARY TO THE MULLAH... TO ILLAM KHAN! I DIDN'T EXPECT YOU TO BE RAMA PAJ! BUT YOU COULD NOT DECEIVE ME IN ANY DISGUISE, DUKE!



"AFTER THE WAR I RETURNED TO MEDICINE. GENERAL PRACTICE IS MUCH TOO TAME, AND I READ OF THE EPIDEMIC IN THE HILLS!"

TOO TAME FOR YOU! I CAN BELIEVE IT, DUKE. I, TOO, HAVE CHANGED, I HAVE GIVEN UP THE SOVIET CAUSE HERE, I LIVE ONLY TO REMEMBER. DO YOU REMEMBER, DUKE?



LIKE A TORRENT UNLEASHED BY A BROKEN DAM, THOUGHTS AND EMOTION'S FLOODED MY MEMORY. DID I REMEMBER? PARIS UNDER PETAIN?... STALINGRAD UNDER HITLER'S BOOT?... THEN RUSSIA WAS AN ALLY. THEN LLANYA AND I WORKED TOGETHER... AND I FOUND LOVE!...



...AND DISILLUSIONMENT AND DOUBLE-CROSS. PART OF THE INFORMATION I HAD GIVEN HER AS AN INTELLIGENCE OPERATIVE HAD GIVEN THE SOVIETS AN ADVANTAGE AT TEHERAN AND YALTA. I BROKE AWAY FIGHTING FOR CONTROL. SHE REALIZE ALL I HAD REMEMBERED...

SHALL I RING FOR TEA, DARLING?

YES. RING FOR TEA.

LLANYA KNEW ALL ALONG IT WAS I! HOW? IS THERE A TRAITOR ON HARIM SHAH'S STAFF IN WASHINGTON? IN THE SECRETARIATE? NOW I DO KNOW THAT KNIFE WAS MEANT FOR ME!

DUKE, YOU'RE DREAMING! I SAID I CAN HELP YOU! UNDERSTAND ILLAM KHAN!

"UH... WHAT'S THAT, LLANYA?"

I WAS NEVER TO KNOW HOW LLANYA LEARNED MY TRUE IDENTITY. THE NEXT DAY I WENT TO PESHAWUR WHERE AN AFRIDI GUIDE FROM THE MULLAH'S CAMP MET ME, AND WE STARTED ON OUR JOURNEY.

TWO DAYS LATER...

ILLAM KHAN BIDS YOU WELCOME, RAMA PAJ. ALLAH WILL REWARD YOU FOR YOUR MERCY!

MY HUMBLE SKILL IS AT YOUR COMMAND, GREAT KHAN!

BELOW THE TENTS OF TEN THOUSAND WARRIORS, THEIR WIVES AND CHILDREN, A THOUSAND LIE STRICKEN WITH A PLAGUE. TAKE SICKNESS AND DEATH FROM US AND I SHALL BE EVER AT YOUR MERCY.

"I SHALL TRY, ILLAM KHAN."

I FOUND A "FLU" EPIDEMIC RAGING. LLANYA HAD NOT WANTED ME THERE, BUT SINCE I HAD COME I KNEW SHE WOULD HOLD BACK THE VINDICT OF HER FANGS, UNTIL I HAD SERVED HER RED MASTERS...

I SAW THAT THE CHILD'S ILLNESS WAS NOT SERIOUS. I HAD BROUGHT WITH ME A LARGE SUPPLY OF ANTIBIOTICS...

GO, HAKIM. THE BOY WILL DIE, AS HAVE THE OTHERS!

WE SHALL SEE!

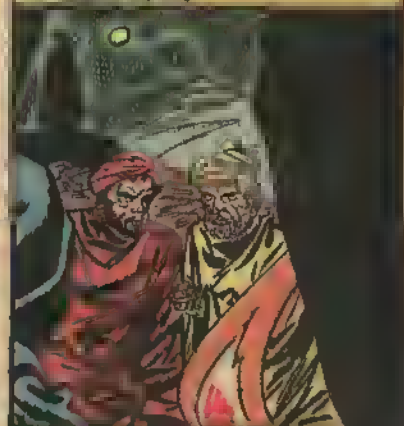
THE BOY WILL BE ALL RIGHT. TOMORROW YOU WILL SEE. HE WILL FEEL MUCH BETTER.

ALLAH BLESS YOU, HAKIM.

WORKING AGAINST THE EPIDEMIC WAS A THRILL WELL WORTH THE JOURNEY INTO THE HILLS, AND THE GRATITUDE OF THE TRIBE BOUNDLESS. THERE WERE DAYS AND NIGHTS WHEN I DID NOT SLEEP, YET THOSE TIMES WERE GRATIFYING, BUT BEYOND THE CURE DEATH AWAITED THE HAKIM...



IN TIME THOUGH I BECAME ONE OF THEM. AT LAST CAME CONFIDENCE. I MUST USE THAT. IT WAS MY ONLY WEAPON AND TIME WAS FLEETING!



AH, HAKIM, SOON... THE JIHAD WHEN WE OF THE HILLS SHALL FOLLOW OUR MULLAH DOWN UPON INDIA! ALL INDIA THEN SHALL BELONG TO ALLAH!

I DO NOT UNDERSTAND.



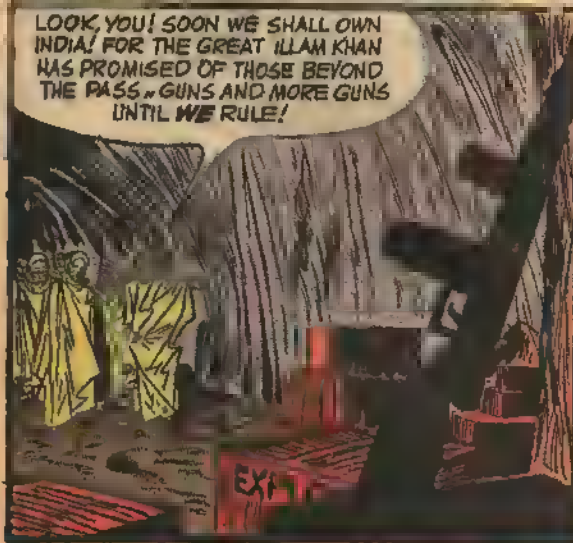
THE TIME HAD COME WHEN I MUST SHOW MY HAND...

LOOK, YOU MEN OF THE HILLS! DO YOU NOT THINK THE GIVER OF THOSE GUNS HAS MORE AND BIGGER GUNS!! ONCE YOU HAVE OPENED THE KHYBER FOR THEM? RUSSIA SITS LIKE THE GREAT BEAR, READY TO MARCH! ONCE INSIDE INDIA SHE WILL FORGET HER PROMISES... BELIEVE ME!



"COME," THEY SAID, AND LED ME TO A CAVE...

LOOK, YOU! SOON WE SHALL OWN INDIA! FOR THE GREAT ILLAM KHAN HAS PROMISED OF THOSE BEYOND THE PASS... GUNS AND MORE GUNS UNTIL WE RULE!



AS I SPOKE I SAW THE QUESTIONS IN THEIR FACES. I KNEW I WAS SOWING SEEDS OF DOUBT. BUT WHEN I FINISHED, THEY WERE SULLEN...



LLANYA HAD SAID TO LEAD GRADUALLY AND EASILY TO ANY SUBJECT I WANTED TO PRESENT TO ILLAM KHAN. I DID NOT. INSTEAD I WENT DIRECTLY TO THE POINT. I TOLD HIM WHAT I HAD TOLD THE HILL MEN...



SUMMON MY WARRIORS TO THE GREAT THEATRE, NAKIM, AT SUNDOWN.

TO HEAR IS TO OBEY, MASTER.



I WILL MEET YOU THERE, RAMA PAJ SAHIB. I WILL UTTER MY APPROVAL TO THE THINGS YOU HAVE SUGGESTED. I WILL ORDER MY ARMIES TO HOLD BACK ALL TO THE NORTH. THEIR GUNS SHALL BE USED AGAINST THEM!



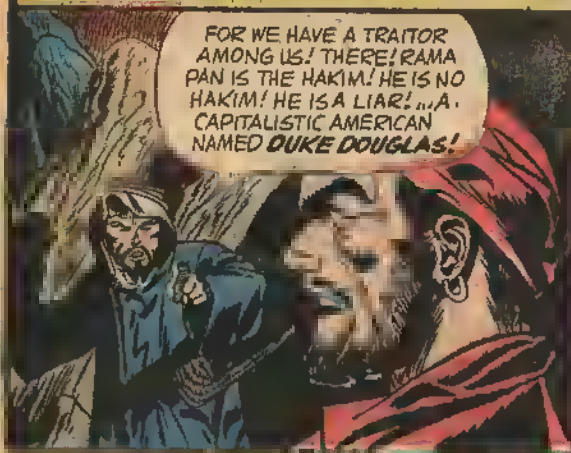
I WAS AMAZED AT THE EASE WITH WHICH I HAD CONVINCED THE MULLAH. I WAS ELATED WHEN I WENT TO THE GREAT OUTDOOR THEATRE. KHAN WAS THERE ALREADY,, SLIGHT, ALMOST GIRLISH IN BUILD, AND I WONDERED AT HIS POWERS OVER THOUSANDS... UNTIL HE SPOKE... HIS VOICE WAS SHARP, PENETRATING, COMMANDING

MY WARRIORS, WE HAVE BEEN BETRAYED! ALL OUR HOPE OF GREAT POWER WOULD HAVE BEEN BUT A WISH... A DREAM...



THE KHAN'S YOE ROSE IN A FRENZY, AND SUDDENLY I REALIZED THE REASON FOR HIS FURY....

FOR WE HAVE A TRAITOR AMONG US! THERE! RAMA PAN IS THE HAKIM! HE IS NO HAKIM! HE IS A LIAR! ...A CAPITALISTIC AMERICAN NAMED DUKE DOUGLAS!



HE HAS TASTED THE SALT! KILL HIM! KILL HIM!

YES, KILL HIM!



WAIT! HOLD JUDGEMENT! LOOK! YOUR MULLAH IS A WOMAN! WHAT DO YOU WARRIORS SAY NOW? A WOMAN WHO HAS ALSO TASTED THE SALT!



ILLAM KHAN'S VOICE ROSE TO ITS HIGHEST FRENZIED PITCH, AND THAT WAS HIS UNENDING ...I SPRANG AS THE AFRIDI'S KNIFE SWISHED THE AIR



KILL HIM, DO YOU HEAR? KILL HIM, NAKIM!

KILL HER! KILL HER!



WAIT! WOULD YOU
KILL A WOMAN?
A WARRIOR, YES!
BUT NOT A WOMAN!
LET ME SPEAK!

**SPEAK,
HAKIM!
SPEAK!**



TAKE
HER,
HAKIM!

NO, NO! FOOL! DO YOU THINK THE SOVIET
WOULD LET ME LIVE FOR THE TRIAL! THEY
WOULD FIND A WAY TO... **I WOULD
RATHER DIE!!**

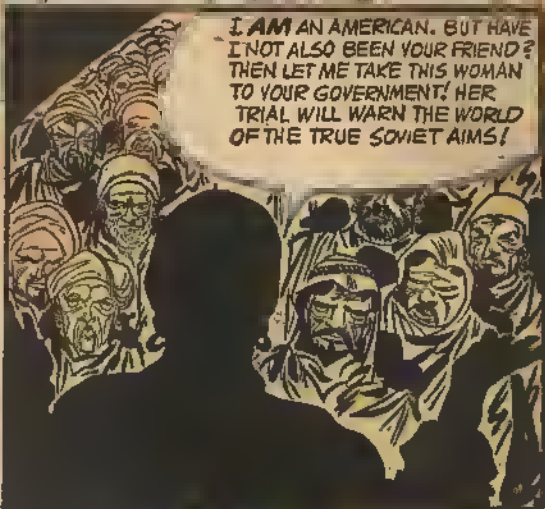


...I DO NOT KNOW HOW
LLANYA LEARNED FROM
THE BEGINNING THAT DUKE
DOUGLAS, NOT RAMA PAJ,
WAS GOING TO THE HILLS.
BUT ANYWAY... THERE WILL
BE NO JIHAD!

WE WILL SCREEN OUR
STAFF THOROUGHLY,
DUKE, AND FIND THE
TRAITOR!



**WHATEVER LLANYA WAS, I ONCE LOVED
HER, AND I COULD NOT LET HER DIE...**

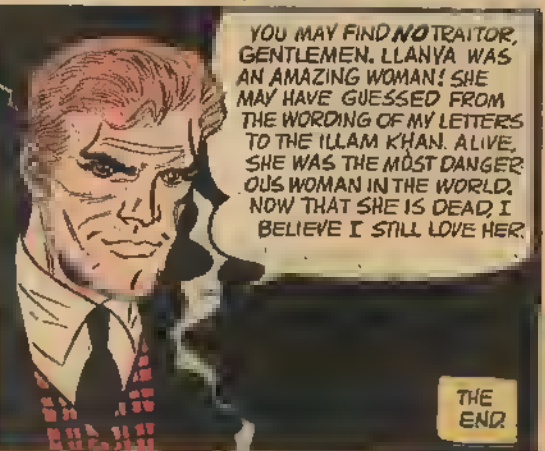


**I AM AN AMERICAN. BUT HAVE
I NOT ALSO BEEN YOUR FRIEND?
THEN LET ME TAKE THIS WOMAN
TO YOUR GOVERNMENT! HER
TRIAL WILL WARN THE WORLD
OF THE TRUE SOVIET AIMS!**

**LLANYA!
LLANYA!**

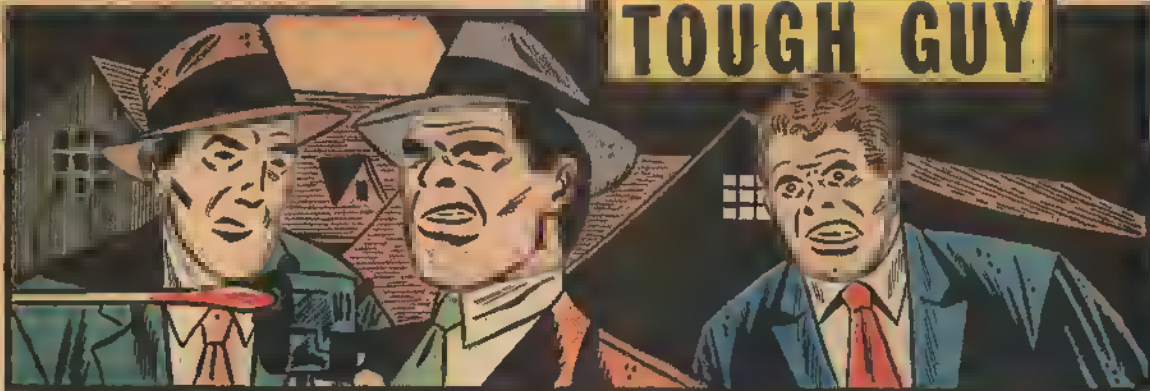


YOU MAY FIND **NO** TRAITOR,
GENTLEMEN. LLANYA WAS
AN AMAZING WOMAN! SHE
MAY HAVE GUESSED FROM
THE WORDING OF MY LETTERS
TO THE ILLAM KHAN. ALIVE,
SHE WAS THE MOST DANGEROUS
WOMAN IN THE WORLD.
NOW THAT SHE IS DEAD, I
BELIEVE I STILL LOVE HER.



THE
END

TOUGH GUY



My boss, manager of the press association said; "Henshaw keeps blubbering foolishness and bringing your name up. You'd better see if you can make any sense out of it."

Now I was entering the psychiatric part of the hospital. The nurse shook her head. "You may make something of it," she said. "In my opinion you won't get anywhere. Don't aggravate him."

He was sitting, staring vacantly ahead, muttering something. When I got nearer to him it sounded like, "I'm Drooly, I'm Drooly." It was a shock. He was a ghost. He was dead, except that his body still functioned. I was glad then I had got out when I did. I thanked God silently. And I thought about Henshaw. The whole thing came back in a flash. In one thought I could remember everything.

We were in Moscow just after the war. Things were tough. You couldn't say anything you wanted to. But compared to later, that was practically a free press. Henshaw was in charge. I was under him. My specialty was finance and economics. I didn't handle hot news. That was Henshaw's job.

Anna was Russian. She came to work there at the Association offices just after I arrived. She was supposed to know English. But it was tough even to understand her spoken words, let alone her spelling. She was pretty. She was more than that. She was beautiful, with slender grace, dark eyes that laughed and sparkled. And she was outspoken. Too outspoken. She did not like the Kremlin and she said so outright. She should have been shot, according to Moscow standards, and she wasn't. So we distrusted her, gave her no important work to do. We were sure she was a spy. And we dared not fire her.

When Henshaw and I could be alone in our hotel, and were sure our walls were not tapped

by recorders, Henshaw would let out a string of curses against the system. "Why don't they call us home?" he would storm. "What good are we here? We're rubber stamps! We send home only what the Kremlin **ALLOWS** us to send home!" I had to agree. I knew we were as useful as a hole in the head.

I do not know exactly when it was that Henshaw fell for Anna. It came on gradually. It might have been Anna's atrocious use of English. Henshaw began trying to straighten her out English-wise. They began spending time after working hours together at the office. A few times I returned for late work and found them there.

A hundred times I told him, "You're crazy Roy! She'll shove you right down the drain!" He'd shake his head. "Anna's a hundred percent, Johnny. I'll stake my life on her!"

He did not then realize the truth he was speaking.

The cold war came and it grew fierce. Not only were there censors practically standing over your shoulder, we were hated and tailed every step we took. One day I was called to the Embassy. They said: "Get out of the country. You'll do more good somewhere else." I told Henshaw I was going. He shook his head. "Not me. Not until I can take Anna with me."

I thought Henshaw was crazy, but I never considered him traitorous. Yet, the drivel he began to send in before I left had more Red propaganda in it than Pravda. I was glad I was getting out. I wanted no more of Henshaw. I blamed him for it, and I blamed him more than Anna, whom I considered responsible for Henshaw's doubletalk.

You don't really appreciate the girl with the torch in the New York harbor until you've spent some time behind the Iron Curtain. No

CONTINUED ON PAGE 22

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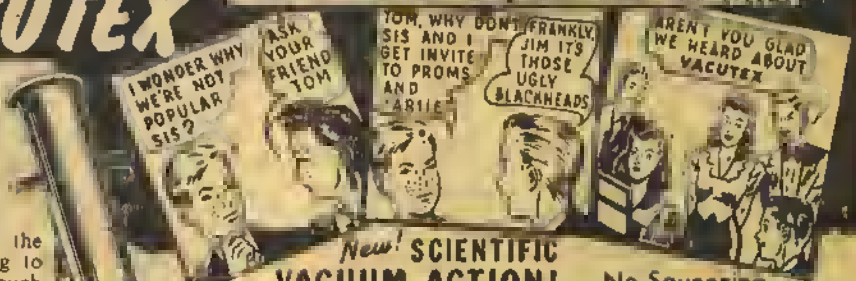
BLACKHEADS "PET HATE"

Say Men, Girls In Choosing Date

What a "black mark" is the blackhead... according to men and girls popular enough to be choosy about dates! Because blackheads ARE ugly! Blackheads ARE grimy! They DON'T look good in close-ups! So can you blame the fellow who says, "Sure, I meet lots of girls who look cute at first glance. But if, on that second glance, I see dingy blackheads, it's 'good night'!"

Or can you blame the girl who confesses, "I hate to go out with that fellow who has blackheads." But you — are YOUR ears burning?

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No Injury
to Skin
Tissues



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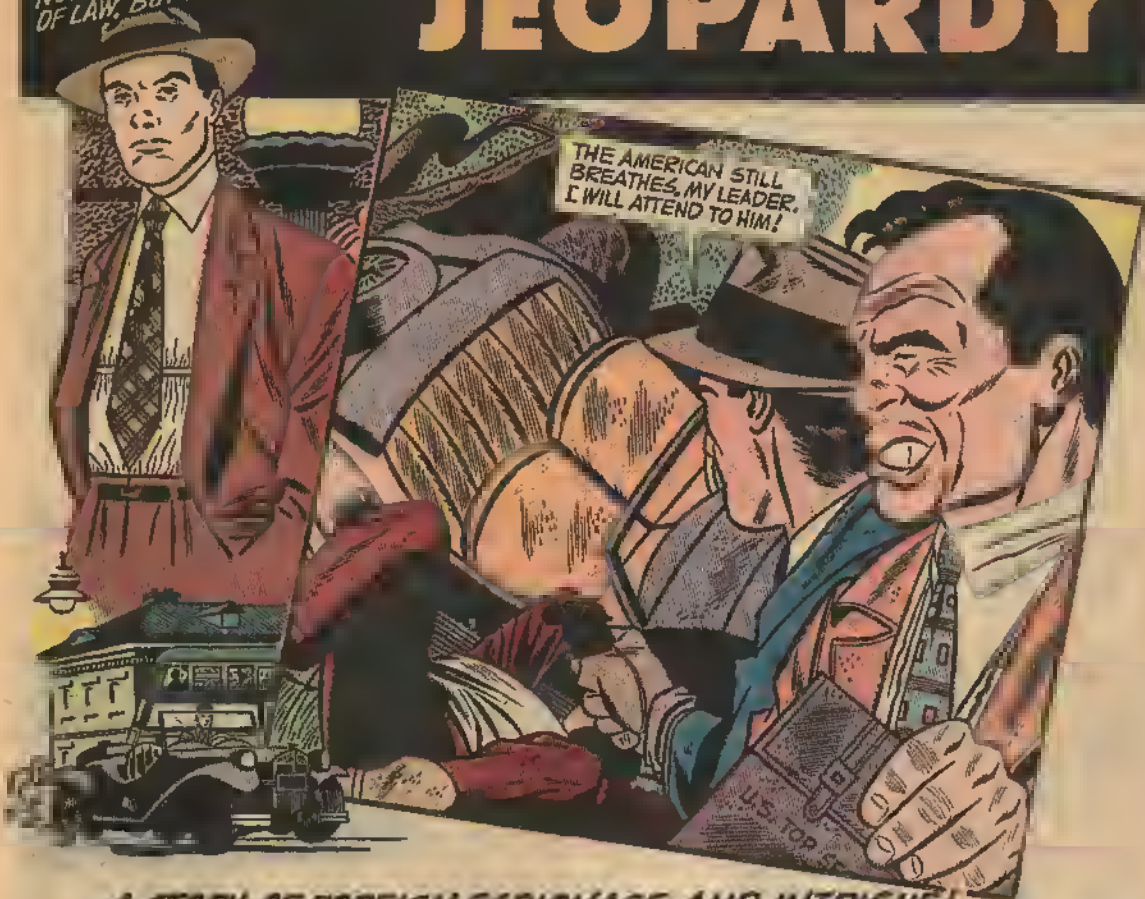
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SORRY NO C.O.D. OUTSIDE OF U.S.A.

VIRGIL STAGG KNEW THAT THEY WERE WAITING TO KILL. WAITING TO STRIKE AND READY TO STRIKE AGAIN. THIS PERIL HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH ANY POINT OF LAW, BUT IT WAS STILL....

DOUBLE JEOPARDY



A STORY OF FOREIGN ESPIONAGE AND INTRIGUE!

THE OPENING SCENE IS A ROOM IN A LONDON HOTEL.

YOU WILL GO AT ONCE TO THE AIRPORT, JOSEPH. GET ON THE PLANE AND WAIT FOR MR. WADE AND MYSELF. WE WILL BE THERE AS SOON AS CIRCUMSTANCES PERMIT.

YES, SIR. VERY GOOD, MR. STAGG.



AN HOUR LATER, AT THE UNITED STATES CONSULATE... A GREAT MODERN PHYSICIST-ENGINEER SPEAKS WITH THE UNITED STATES CHIEF CONSUL....

MR. WADE, THESE FORMULAS ARE THE ENGINEERING DEVELOPMENTS OF YOUR AMERICAN PROFESSOR JAEGER'S THEORIES. YOU KNOW THEIR IMPORTANCE...

THAT'S WHY I HAVE INSTRUCTIONS TO DELIVER THEM PERSONALLY IN WASHINGTON, SIR MICHAEL.



IT IS THE PRACTICAL METHOD FOR DEVELOPING THE **SUPER HYDROGEN BOMB**. IN THE HANDS OF A RUTHLESS ENEMY, THE WORLD WOULD NEVER BE SAFE. YOU HOLD THE KEY TO THE OVER-NIGHT DESTRUCTION OF A WHOLE NATION.

WELL, THEY'LL HAVE TO CUT OFF MY ARM, TO GET THE PAPERS.



I FEEL QUITE SECURE WITH VIRGIL STAGG AS MY BODY-GUARD. GOODBYE, SIR MICHAEL.

GOOD-BYE AND GOOD LUCK, MR. WADE.



THEY LEFT SIR MICHAEL FINNEY, AS STAGG FOLLOWED WADE TO THE STEPS OF THE CONSULATE. THEY KNEW THAT DEATH COULD LURK ANYWHERE, FOR A FIFTH COLUMN IS NEVER LABELED, NO SECRET CAN BE GUARANTEED INVIOLEATE. SUDDENLY...

STAGG GOT THE WOULD BE KILLER, ALL RIGHT, BUT REALIZED TOO LATE THAT HE HAD BEEN BUT A DECOY. HE SAW WADE FALL, DEAD BEFORE HE HIT THE STEPS...

DROP WADE! DROP DOWN!



STAGG NEVER KNEW WHAT HAD SAVED HIM. ONE SLUG HAD PASSED THROUGH HIS COAT BENEATH HIS ARM, AND ANOTHER HAD JUST CREASED HIS SKULL AS IT WENT THROUGH THE CROWN OF HIS HAT. BUT HIS SPRING-CONTROLLED MACHINE-GUN-TYPE AUTOMATIC SPAT A STACCATO OF DEATH BEFORE HIM...



STAGG WASTED NO TIME ON WADE'S BODY. HE DREW A PAIR OF PLIERS FROM HIS POCKET, AND...



NEVER MIND THE FORMALITES, CHAUFFEUR. GET ME TO THE AIRPORT! GET IN AND DRIVE!

YES, SIR, MR. STAGG!



WITH A ROAR THE CAR ZOOMED AWAY FROM THE CURB...



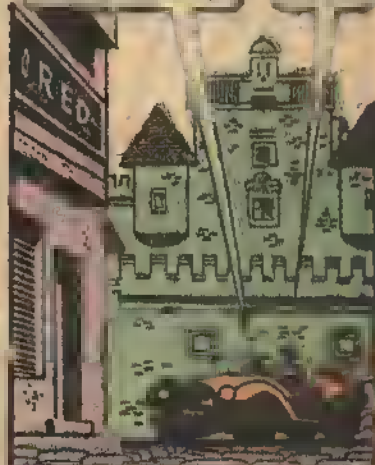
CONFOUND IT, MAN, STEP ON IT! WE'RE CRAWLING!

IT'S THE TRAFFIC, SIR. IT'S ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE!



HERE, LET ME TAKE THAT WHEEL! PULL OVER TO THE CURB!

YES, SIR, MR. STAGG!



I'M SORRY, SIR.

I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO DRIVE THROUGH TRAFFIC!



STAGG PUT THE GAS PEDAL TO THE FLOOR AND OPENED UP THE SIREN ATTACHED TO THE CAR FOR SUCH EMERGENCIES...



WEEEEEEEOOOOEEEEEOOOE



BEFORE VERY LONG, THE AIRPORT LOOMED AHEAD.

CHAUFFEUR, I SEE A CAR IN THE MIRROR, AND I THINK IT'S FOLLOWING! THEY'RE NOT GAINING, THOUGH! I THINK WE'LL MAKE THE PLANE BEFORE THEY DO!

DON'T BE TOO SURE ABOUT THAT, STAGG!



SLOW DOWN, AND PULL OVER TO THE SIDE!

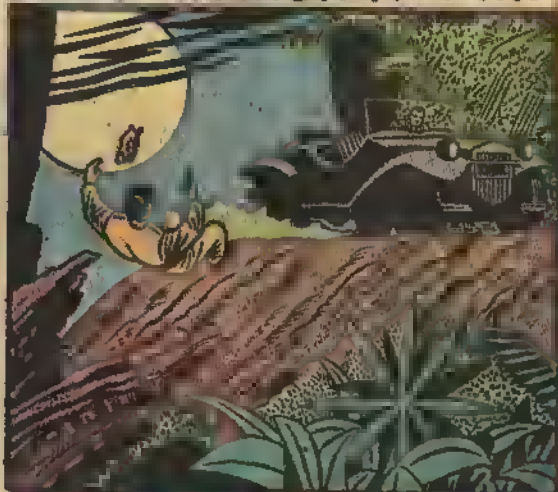
WHAT? YOU'RE ONE OF THEM TOO? OKAY, I CAN'T ARGUE WITH A GUN!



BUT I CAN ARGUE WITH THE ONE WHO HOLDS THE GUN!!



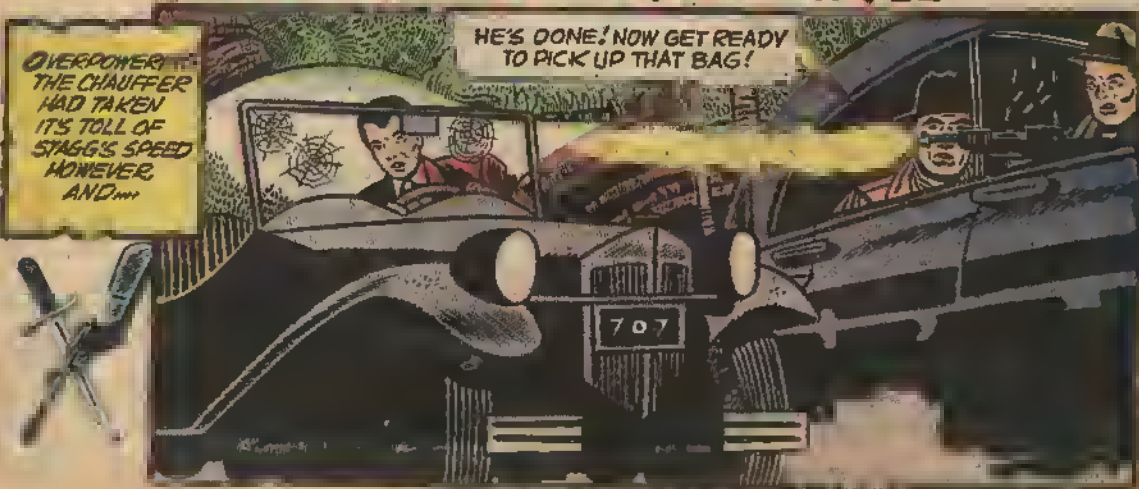
NO! NO! ARGH-H-H-H!!



RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT

OVERPOWERED THE CHAUFFEUR HAD TAKEN ITS TOLL OF STAGG'S SPEED HOWEVER, AND...

HE'S DONE! NOW GET READY TO PICK UP THAT BAG!

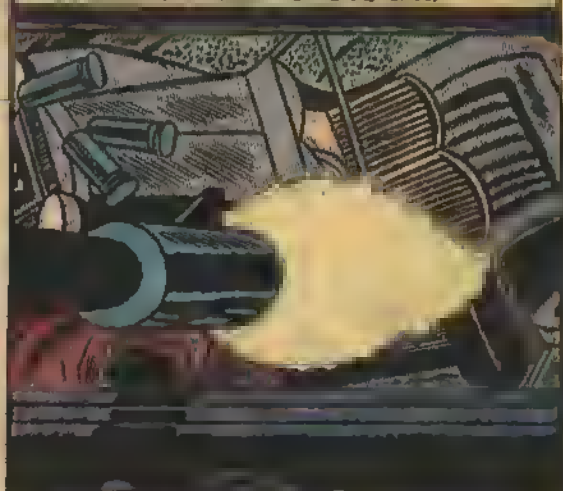


HE LOOKS QUITE DEAD,
MY LEADER! I GIVE HIM
ONE MORE SHOT, EH?

NO, ROOL! GET
THE BAG AND
HURRY!



THE CAR PULLED AWAY. A PARTING MACHINE
GUN BLAST SHOWERED STAGG'S CAR.



STAGG HAD FOOLED HIS ENEMIES. WHEN THE BIG
CAR HAD ROARED AWAY, HE STRUGGLED INTO
SITTING POSITION...

GOT TO GET TO THE AIRPORT!
GOT TO GET TO THE PLANE!!



THE HUGE TRANSPORT WAS PREPARING FOR THE
TAKEOFF AS STAGG REACHED THE AIRPORT. HE
SHOWED HIS CREDENTIALS, AND THE TOWER
HELD THE FLIGHT.



MR. STAGG!
YOU'RE HURT!

I GOT IT BAD, JOSEPH!
...AND THEY HAVE
THE BRIEFCASE...

INDIA FLIGHT
LEAVES 10:07



CAN YOU
HANG ON,
MR. STAGG?
SHOULDN'T
I SEND
YOU TO A
HOSPITAL?

HAVE TO
MAKE IT
...TO...
NEW
YORK.
HAVE TO
JOSEPH!



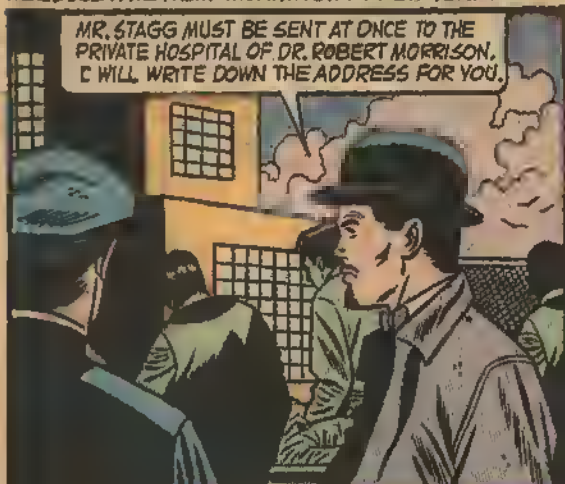
AN AMBULANCE HAD FOLLOWED STAGG
TO THE PLANE. AS THE ATTENDANTS
CARRIED HIM ON BOARD...

MISS, IT IS MOST IMPORTANT
THAT MR. STAGG REACH
NEW YORK. HE IS OF THE
UNITED STATES SECRET
SERVICE. HE MAY NEED
MEDICAL ATTENTION.
HOWEVER,

I WILL
FIND OUT
SIR, PER-
HAPS A
LINE DOG-
CTOR CAN
GO WITH
HIM.

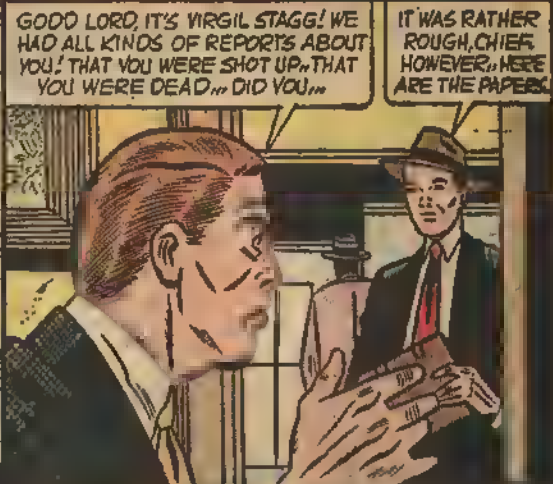


BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT, AN AIRLINE DOCTOR RODE WITH STAGG AND PERFORMED WHAT MEDICAL SERVICE HE COULD. THE NEXT MORNING... AT NEW YORK...



MR. STAGG MUST BE SENT AT ONCE TO THE PRIVATE HOSPITAL OF DR. ROBERT MORRISON. I WILL WRITE DOWN THE ADDRESS FOR YOU.

A FEW HOURS LATER, IN WASHINGTON, D.C., AT THE OFFICE OF THE CHIEF OF THE SECRET SERVICE...



GODD LORD, IT'S VIRGIL STAGG! WE HAD ALL KINDS OF REPORTS ABOUT YOU! THAT YOU WERE SHOT UP, THAT YOU WERE DEAD... DID YOU...

IT WAS RATHER ROUGH, CHIEF. HOWEVER, HERE ARE THE PAPERS.

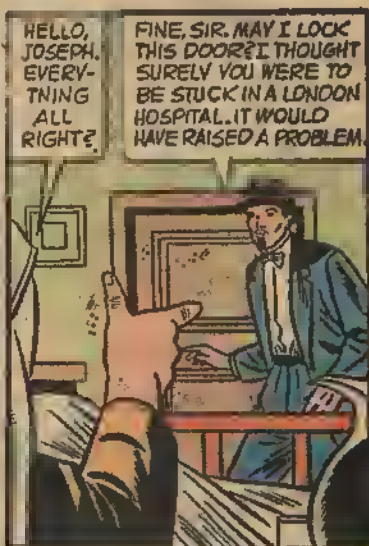


THEY'RE HERE, ALL RIGHT! EVERY SHEET SIGNED BY SIR MICHAEL FINNEY! STAGG, YOU'RE A MARVEL!

WELL, THANKS, CHIEF. IS THERE ANYTHING ELSE?



THAT EVENING IN NEW YORK...
CAN I HELP YOU?
JOSEPH MARVIN TO CALL ON MR. VIRGIL STAGG.



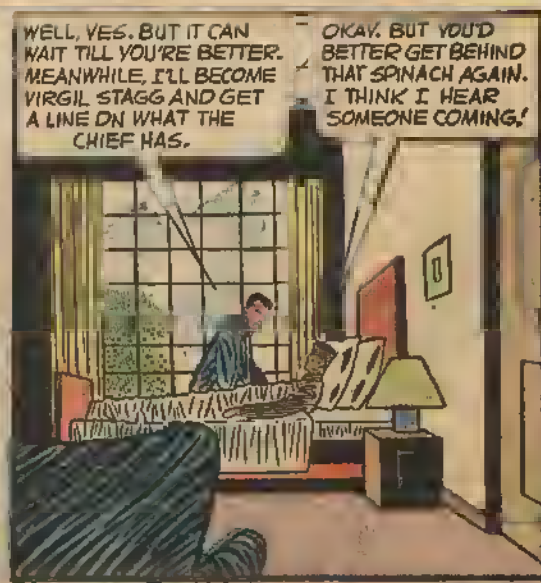
HELLO, JOSEPH. EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT?

FINE, SIR. MAY I LOCK THIS DOOR? I THOUGHT SURELY YOU WERE TO BE STUCK IN A LONDON HOSPITAL. IT WOULD HAVE RAISED A PROBLEM.



LET ME GET THIS ITCHING BEARD OFF! THERE! THE CHIEF WOULD HAVE KNOWN YOU **COULDN'T** HAVE BEEN IN WASHINGTON, IF YOU'D STAYED IN LONDON.

THAT'S WHY I INSISTED ON COMING TO NEW YORK! GETTING SIR MICHAEL'S OKAY TO HAVE **YOU** CARRY THE REAL PAPERS SURE FOOLED THOSE REDS. AND HAVING AN IDENTICAL TWIN BROTHER IS BUILDING ME QUITE A REPUTATION! HAS THE CHIEF ANYTHING ELSE, LEO?



WELL, YES. BUT IT CAN WAIT TILL YOU'RE BETTER. MEANWHILE, I'LL BECOME VIRGIL STAGG AND GET A LINE ON WHAT THE CHIEF HAS.

OKAY, BUT YOU'D BETTER GET BEHIND THAT SPINACH AGAIN. I THINK I HEAR SOMEONE COMING!

IT WAS THE UNDERGROUND THAT DELIVERED MEL OLIVER TO ME FROM THE RED
CHECK PRISON. DELIVERY WAS MADE IN A LONELY AUSTRIAN HILLTOP WOOD THAT
WAS STILL IN THE RED ZONE. I KNEW IT WAS DANGEROUS, BUT I DIDN'T QUITE
REALIZE I WAS HELPING OLIVER...

ESCAPE TO DEATH



A DUKE DOUGLAS ESPIONAGE THRILLER!

BEAR UP A LITTLE
LONGER, MEL. THE
WORST'S OVER...
NOW IN A FEW
HOURS...THREE
AT THE OUTSIDE...

WON'T GO ALL TO
PIECES, DUKE. NOT
AFTER EVERYTH...
...THAT'S
HAPPENED!

THE 'COPTER WOBBLED
ITS WAY UPWARD WITH
COMPARATIVE QUIET. I
HAD ONLY TO DELIVER
MEL SAFELY NOW TO...

MARIE! I'LL
SEE MARIE
AGAIN. WON'T
I DOUGLAS?

SHE'LL BE
WAITING,
MEL. SHE'LL
BE WAITING.

IT WAS A SHORT HOP, PERHAPS AN
HOUR, A LITTLE LONGER, BEFORE
WE REACHED VIENNA.

THE COLONEL IS
WAITING, DOUGLAS.
HE'S HAD THE
JITTERS ALL
NIGHT.

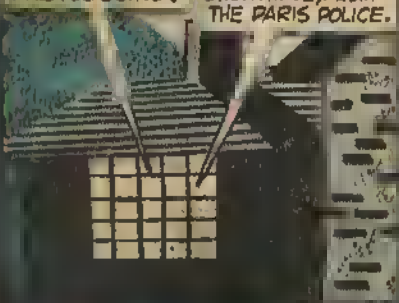
WE'LL GO STRAIGHT
TO HIM SERGEANT.
GET THE 'COPTER
PUT AWAY.



MEL HAD GONE TO THE COUNTRY, OSTEASIBLY AS A PRESS REPRESENTATIVE, BUT I KNEW HE REALLY WAS A SPY FOR THE GOVERNMENT. THAT'S WHY WE HAD TO GET HIM OUT FAST. THE COLONEL KNEW IT, TOO...

WE HAVE A JET AT YOUR DISPOSAL, DOUGLAS, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

MEL'S WIFE HAS A PARIS HIDEOUT. I'LL GET DIRECTION, VIA SHORTWAVE, FROM THE PARIS POLICE.



I TOOK THE JET UPWARD WITH ZOOMING POWER. NOTHING COULD TOUCH US. NOW, LET THE REDS YELL!



I BUZZED PARIS AND GOT CONTACT WITH THE PARIS POLICE. WE SPOKE FRENCH, USING A PREARRANGED CODE. WHAT THEY TOLD ME I DID NOT LIKE...



BUT I REACHED THE PARIS AIRPORT WITHOUT INCIDENT. A TAXI WAS WAITING FOR US...

RUE CROIX, DRIVER. I WILL GIVE THE NUMBER WHEN WE ARRIVE THERE.

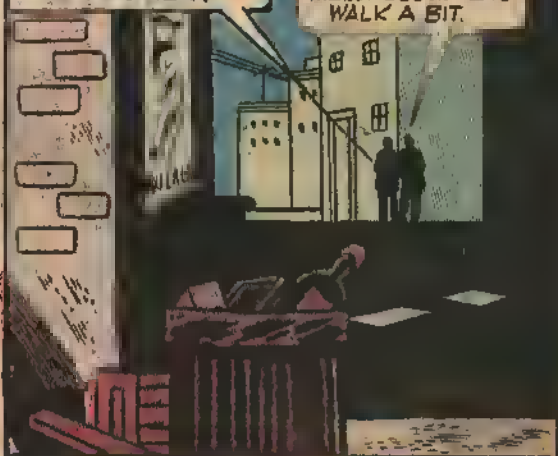
OUI, M'SIEUR!



AT RUE CROIX I ORDERED THE CAB TO THE CURB

NOW, DOUGLAS? NOW WE FIND HER?

PRETTY SOON NOW, MEL. WE'LL HAVE TO WALK A BIT.

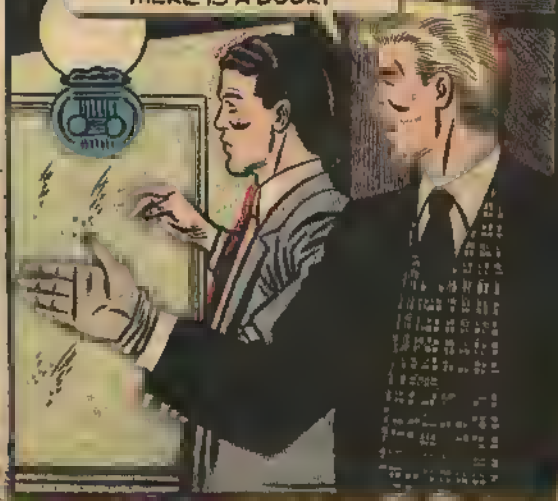


HERE WE ARE. THIS IS THE NUMBER.

GOSH, IT'S BEEN A LONG, LONG TIME, DOUGLAS! I HAVEN'T SEEN HER... SO... LONG!



DOWN THE HALL, THEY SAID. AT THE END OF THE HALL THERE IS A DOOR.



THE DOOR AT THE END OF THE HALL WAS NOT LOCKED AND WE ENTERED. A SICKLY GLIMMER OF LIGHT CAME THROUGH A REAR WINDOW THAT OPENED ON A COURT...

WHERE IS SHE, DOUGLAST? WHY ISN'T SHE WAITING HERE? WHY IS IT DARK?



IS... IS THAT YOU, MARIE?



NO! YOU WILL KEEP HANDS IN AIR. YOU STAND AGAINST LIGHT AND I CAN SEE YOU. ONE MOVE AND I WILL KILL YOU BOTH. CAPITALIST PIGS!

WHA.. WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?

IT MEANS WE'RE TRAPPED, MEL. IN THIS CASE THE RAT HAS SPRUNG THE TRAP... A RED RAT!



WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO MY WIFE? TO MARIE?

QUIET! IN TIME YOU WILL KNOW! DID YOU THINK YOU COULD FOOL THE PEOPLE'S ARMY? IN AN HOUR THE POLICE FROM THE GREAT PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC WILL BE HERE!



OF COURSE THEY WOULD NOT BE ANGRY TO FIND YOU DEAD! THE CHOICE IS UP TO YOU!

GO AHEAD AND KILL ME, YOU LOUSY RED! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO MY WIFE?



FOOL! NEXT TIME I WILL NOT MISS THE HEART! NOW QUIET!

OWNOW! MY SIDE! MY SIDE!



DO AS HE SAYS, MEL. IT'S
YOUR ONLY CHANCE...
FOR HER!

OH, GOD! AFTER
EVERYTHING
THIS!



S
U
D
D
E
N
L
Y

FOOTSTEPS! WHO IS IT, PIGS! IT IS
NOT TIME FOR THE PEOPLE'S POLICE
YET! TELL ME WHO IT IS OR I SHOOT!



*THE PARIS POLICE, DUKE SAID "NOT YOUR
PHONY RED THUGS. DO YOU THINK I'D BRING
OLIVER HERE WITHOUT A SAFEGUARD? THIS
WHOLE PLACE IS SURROUNDED BY NOW!"



PARIS POLICE, BAH! YOU WILL SEE
HOW WELL THEY SERVE YOU! GIVE A
WORD OF WARNING AND YOU DIE!



THE DOOR OPENED QUICKLY. I HAD NOT
EXPECTED THE POLICE TO BE SO FOOLHARDY.
THEN I SAW IT WAS NOT THE POLICE...



EEEEEE!! ANTON, IT'S
ME! YOU'VE SHOT ME!

YOU! FOOL, HAVE YOU
NO BRAINS? IT
SERVES YOU RIGHT!





MARIE! YOU
KILLED MARIE!

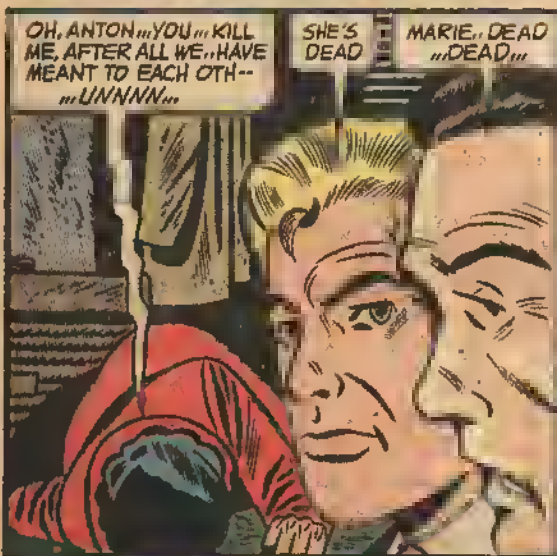


OLIVER LUNGED. I SHOVELED
HIM AWAY, AS THE COMMIE
FIRED AGAIN...

LET ME AT HIM! LET
ME AT THAT KILLER!



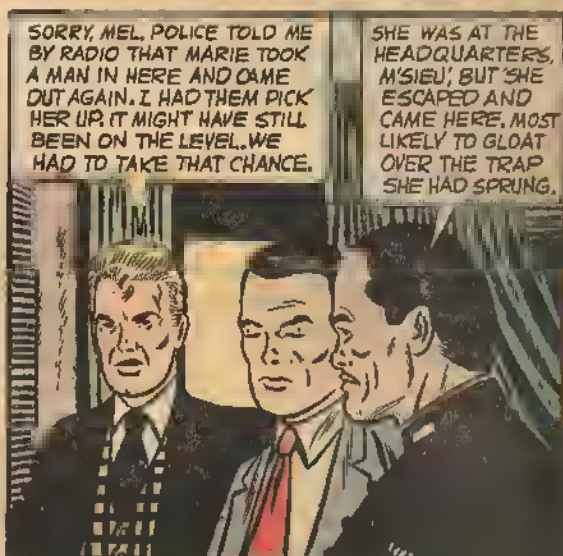
IN THE CONFUSION I DREW MY OWN
GUN, LET THE RED HAVE IT. JUST AT
THAT MOMENT THE POLICE ARRIVED...



OH, ANTON... YOU... KILL
ME, AFTER ALL WE... HAVE
MEANT TO EACH OTH--
...UNNNNN...

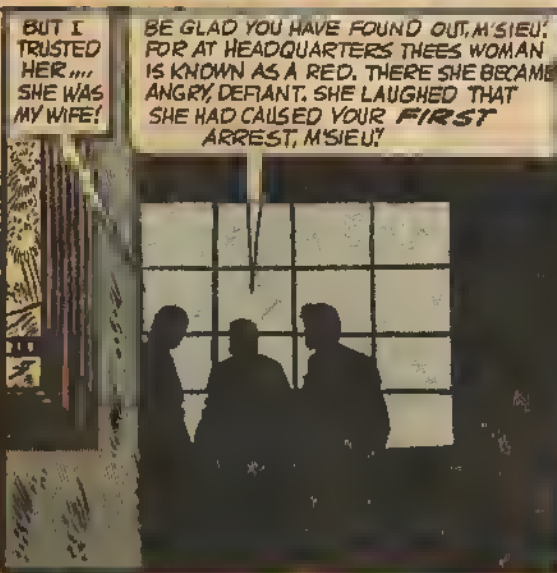
SHE'S
DEAD

MARIE... DEAD...
...DEAD...



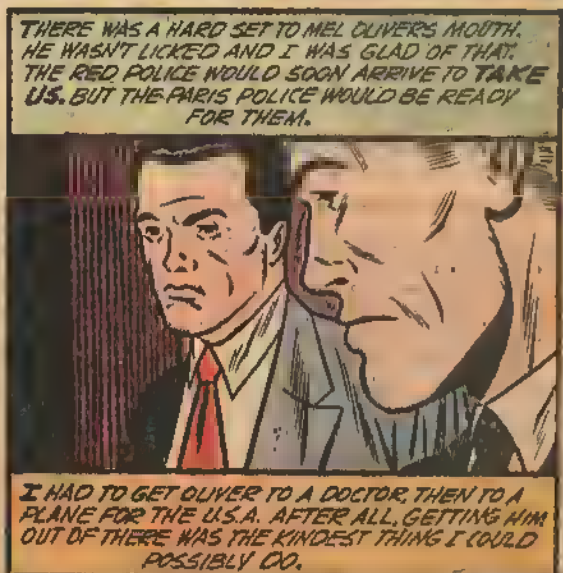
SORRY, MEL. POLICE TOLD ME
BY RADIO THAT MARIE TOOK
A MAN IN HERE AND CAME
OUT AGAIN. I HAD THEM PICK
HER UP. IT MIGHT HAVE STILL
BEEN ON THE LEVEL. WE
HAD TO TAKE THAT CHANCE.

SHE WAS AT THE
HEADQUARTERS,
M'SIEU', BUT SHE
ESCAPED AND
CAME HERE, MOST
LIKELY TO GLOAT
OVER THE TRAP
SHE HAD SPRUNG.



BUT I
TRUSTED
HER...
SHE WAS
MY WIFE!

BE GLAD YOU HAVE FOUND OUT, M'SIEU'.
FOR AT HEADQUARTERS THEES WOMAN
IS KNOWN AS A RED. THERE SHE BECAME
ANGRY, DEFIANT. SHE LAUGHED THAT
SHE HAD CAUSED YOUR **FIRST**
ARREST, M'SIEU'!



THERE WAS A HARD SET TO MEL OLIVER'S MOUTH.
HE WASN'T LICKED AND I WAS GLAD OF THAT.
THE RED POLICE WOULD SOON ARRIVE TO TAKE
US. BUT THE PARIS POLICE WOULD BE READY
FOR THEM.

I HAD TO GET OLIVER TO A DOCTOR, THEN TO A
PLANE FOR THE U.S.A. AFTER ALL, GETTING HIM
OUT OF THERE WAS THE KINDEST THING I COULD
POSSIBLY DO.

THE END.

one ever looked so good to me. But when I called to see the boss I had the feeling that I didn't look so good to him. All he could do was ask how Henshaw was and what Henshaw was doing, and in what condition of health he was. After the stuff Henshaw had been sending to him I began to wonder if I was cracked.

Then I began to hear about a ghost. A ghost that told everything just as it really was. The Ghost was a release by the Association that gave the real lowdown behind the Iron Curtain. It was the McCoy. I couldn't figure where it could have come from. Certainly not from me and certainly not from the junk that Henshaw sent through. It was six months later that Henshaw was arrested. Also Anna. There was the report of a trial. It said that Anna Karka had been executed as a spy, that Henshaw was to be given fifteen years in prison. They had confessed to pro-American, anti-Soviet activity. The boss said, "We're pulling every wire we know." He turned to America last week, after a year and a half in the Soviet hoosegow. After Henshaw's arrest, the ghost died. There were no more of his columns.

I walked up to the man who used to be Henshaw. I said: "Hello, Roy."

Suddenly the vacant look disappeared. Henshaw grinned, poked out his hand. "Hello, Johnny," he said. Then a sad expression came over him. "We had a code, Johnny. The Boss and I. We worked it out before I went there. I praised the Reds—with expressions that were very intricately coded. I was the Ghost, Johnny. You didn't know that, did you?"

"I never guessed," I told him. Then he became grim.

"With all the dynamite I sent out, without their getting wise, it had to be dear, sweet little Anna who tripped me." He shook his head.

I didn't want to say, "I told you so," but Henshaw saw it in my eyes. He shook his head.

"It was the day of our arrest," he continued. "Anna came into the office, bright, happy, and slipped me a note. I opened it and read it, before I realized, a couple of MVD's were hiding in the closet. They snatched the note.

Henshaw swore. He was having trouble with his self-control. He made it. "You never went through one of their inquisitions, Johnny. I stood for hours under a bright light, with a single piercing note from some kind of electrical machine humming in my ears. Hours, a couple of days. Questions, questions. I didn't crack, Johnny. Not then. Why, I'll never know. They put me back in a cell. I was there for six days. In solitary.

"One day they opened my cell door and pushed her into my cell. It wasn't Anna any more. But it HAD been Anna. Only her eyes were the same. Her eyes told me she was not afraid to die. Her lips spoke, too, Johnny, and when they spoke, I hated the dirty Reds, because I knew they had used her innocence to trap me. They had twisted a simple thing into a horror. But she said the words of her note exactly as she had written them. She whispered, 'I lof you drooly'."

I saw the light fade out of Henshaw's eyes. It had been one lucid moment before complete blackness. When they had executed Anna, they had killed Henshaw also. He began to say, "I'm Drooly, I'm Drooly!" I turned away. The boss would say Henshaw had had no right . . . he had been untrue to his profession. The Ghost might still be . . .

The boss would never know.

I closed the door. The nurse said, "Any luck, Mr. Collins?"

I shook my head. "He's crazy as a loon." Then I went on out to the street.

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 35, United States Code, Section 223) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF
DANGER, published bi-monthly at New York City, N. Y. (add'l entry—Syracuse, N. Y.), for August 17, 1953.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Allen B. Hardy, 500 Fifth Ave., New York 36, N. Y.; Editor, Jerry Feldmann, 500 Fifth Ave., New York 36, N. Y.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.) Allen Hardy Associates, Inc., 500 Fifth Ave., New York 36, N. Y.; Allen B. Hardy, 500 Fifth Ave., New York 36, N. Y.; Philip Birch, 282 Dundas St., London, Ont., Canada; Harry Lutz, 630 Michigan Theatre Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

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(Signed) JERRY FELDMANN, Editor
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 17th day of August 1953. (Signed) SYLVIN SALTZER, Notary Public.
(My commission expires March 30, 1954.)

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Reduce to a slimmer more graceful figure the way Dr. Phillips recommends—without starving—without missing a single meal! Here for you Now—a scientific way which guarantees you can lose as much weight as you wish—or you pay nothing! No Drugs, No Starvation, No Exercises or Laxatives. The Amazing thing is that it is so easy to follow—simple and safe to lose those ugly, fatty bulges. Each and every week you lose pounds safely until you reach the weight that most becomes you. Now at last you have the doctors' new, modern way to reduce—To acquire that dreamed about silhouette, an improved slimmer, exciting more graceful figure. Simply chew delicious improved Formula Dr. Phillips Kelpidine Chewing Gum and follow Dr. Phillips Plan. This wholesome, tasty delicious Kelpidine Chewing Gum contains Hexitol, *reduces* appetite and is sugar free. Hexitol is a new discovery and contains no fat and no available carbohydrates. Enjoy chewing this delicious gum and reduce with Dr. Phillips Plan. Try it for 12 days, then step on the scale. You'll hardly believe your eyes. Good for men too.

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Amazing New! **YOUNG FORM BRA**

Smooths Away "Spare Tire" Roll!

Have you had the common bra problem—comfort but not support . . . or tit, but not comfort? Then here is the "bra" for you! Proper fit, correct support, complete comfort and a lovely bosom line—all in one brassiere and at a remarkably low price.

Fine Detail + DIAPHRAGM CONTROL

Smooth, fine long-wearing broadcloth, with wonderful under-bosom support and "lift" in the semi-circular bands stitched inside the bottom half of the cups. A center panel with the same unusual stitched bands provides and maintains correct separation. A marvelous elastic band comfortably firms and smooths away a "spare-tire" roll. It fastens at the side, just the way you want it, with an adjustable closing. Beautifully made, with dainty, flirty, lace edging all around; built-up shoulders. Bust sizes 34-56. Cups B, C, D.

You risk nothing. Order today. Wear your "Young Form" Bra for 10 days. If you are not simply delighted just return it for a refund. Bust sizes 34-44 . . . \$2.98. Sizes 46-56 . . . \$3.98.

ONLY
\$2.98 10 DAY TRIAL FREE

**THE S. J. WEGMAN COMPANY Dept. 279-Y,
LYNBROOK, NEW YORK**

Send me my "Young Form" bra by return mail. If I am not 100% delighted after 10 days **FREE TRIAL** I may return it for prompt refund of the full purchase price.

How many _____ Bust size _____ Cup _____

☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman on delivery plus a few cents postage.

☐ I enclose payment. The S. J. Wegman Co. will pay postage. Same money-back guarantee.

Name _____

Address _____

**"THERE IS A TIME
AND PLACE FOR
ALL THINGS," GOES
THE OLD SAYING!
THE PLACE IS
MID-OCEAN, AND
THE TIME IS...**

TWO MINUTES TO MURDER



**IT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE A VACATION...TO
LOOK LIKE ONE, THAT IS. BUT I KNEW W
I WAS IN HAITI FOR. I'D BEEN WAITING FOR
THE CALL FOR A WEEK, AND HERE IT WAS...**

**YES, SIR. I'LL BE THERE
IN A FEW MINUTES.**



**THE UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR TO
THE REPUBLIC OF HAITI WAS WAITING
FOR ME. HE WAVED THE NATIVE
SERVANT OUT OF THE ROOM...**

**LET ME EXPLAIN THE
SITUATION, STARK. IT
CONCERNS FOREIGN
EXCHANGE, A SETTLE-
MENT...**

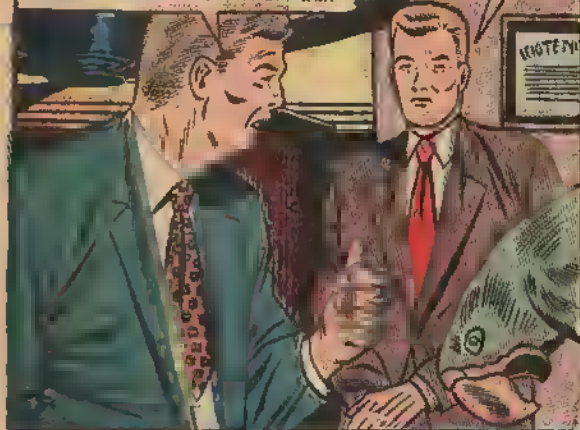
**YES? WHAT
KIND OF
SETTLEMENT?**



**A STORY OF DANGER ON
THE HIGH SEAS!**

A SETTLEMENT OF HAITI'S TRADE
BALANCE WITH THE UNITED STATES.
THREE MILLION DOLLARS IN GOLD.
IT WILL BE YOUR JOB TO SEE THAT
IT REACHES NEW YORK SAFELY.

DO YOU SUSPECT
SOMETHING, SIR?
I MEAN... IS
THIS USUAL?



FRANKLY YES, STARK. ORDINARILY IT'S
ROUTINE. BUT THIS TIME THERE IS A
STRANGE COLLECTION OF TOURISTS... ALL
RETURNING ON THE **SOUTHERN SPRITE**.
YOU'LL SHIP AS STEWARD, IT'S ALL
ARRANGED.



THE **SOUTHERN SPRITE** CLEARED PORT AU PRINCE
AT NOON, SATURDAY, APRIL 25TH. SHORTLY AFTER
SAILING I GOT MY FIRST CALL FOR SERVICE...

HAVE A DRINK,
STEWARD.

IT'S AGAINST THE RULES, SIR.
THANK YOU JUST THE SAME.



OKAY, OKAY.
PAY HIM
OFF TONY.

YEAH, HERE'S A FIN. STEWARD.
BE SURE YOU DON'T BREAK
NO OTHER RULES.

THANK
YOU,
SIR!



THE **SOUTHERN SPRITE** WAS A LIGHT, FAST FREIGHTER
PASSENGER SHIP CARRYING ABOUT FIFTY TOURIST
PASSENGERS. BY THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON WE
WERE WELL OUT AT SEA.



GENERALLY SPEAKING THE PASSENGERS SEEMED
OKAY. BUT A DOZEN COULD HAVE BEEN CANDIDATES
FOR ALCATRAZ. I WAS THINKING THAT WHEN I
ANSWERED A SECOND CALL SUNDAY AFTERNOON
FROM DAVIGA AND AMENTO, MY FIRST CUSTOMERS
THEY WANTED ANOTHER BOTTLE...

PUT IT ON THE TABLE, STEWARD.



WHA? OOWWHHHHH!!!!



I CAME TO WITH TEN THOUSAND YOOOOO DRUMS POUNDING IN MY HEAD. I OPENED MY EYES AND CLOSED THEM AGAIN, MY BRAIN WILDLY SPINNING.



THEN SLOWLY MY MIND FOCUSED ON A CALENDAR HANGING ON THE WALL. SUNDAY, THE 26TH OF APRIL... ON THE 26TH OF LAST APRIL I HAD BEEN DANCING WITH VIRGINIA. I'D ASKED HER TO MARRY ME. INSTEAD I GOT THE AIR. VIRGINIA WAS MARRIED NOW TO A NICE SAFE, WEALTHY GUY. MAYBE NOTHING WOULD COME OF THIS EITHER.



I SNAPPED OUT OF IT AND BEGAN TO WORK ON THE ROPES THAT TIED ME. I HADN'T BEEN SAPPED AND TIED UP FOR NOTHING... SOMEONE MEANING DAVIS AND AMENTO... KNEW WHY I WAS ABOARD. IT TOOK A WHILE TO LOOSEN THE ROPES.



HOOOIIII! COULD HAVE GOT OUT OF THE COILS NO FASTER. I DIDN'T WAIT TO SEE WHO WAS ENTERING.



I CONNECTED AND SAW AMENTO'S LAMPS GLAZE OVER AS HIS KNEES FOLDED.

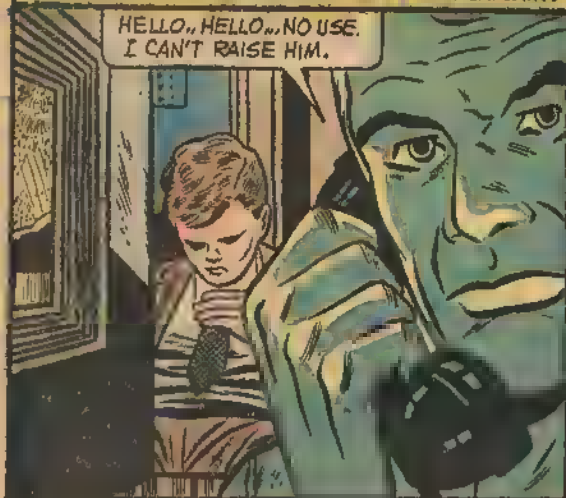


I GRABBED HIS ROD AND LET HIM HAVE IT. HE WOULD STAY PUT FOR A WHILE.

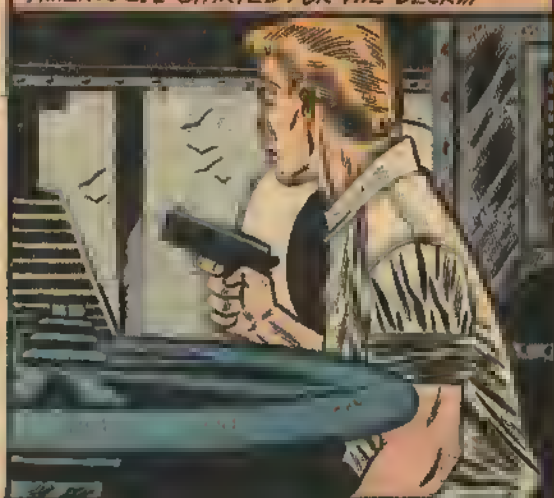


I SEWED UP AMENTO WITH THE ROPE I HAD BEEN TIED WITH. THEN I TRIED TO PHONE THE CAPTAIN.

HELLO...HELLO...NO USE.
I CAN'T RAISE HIM.

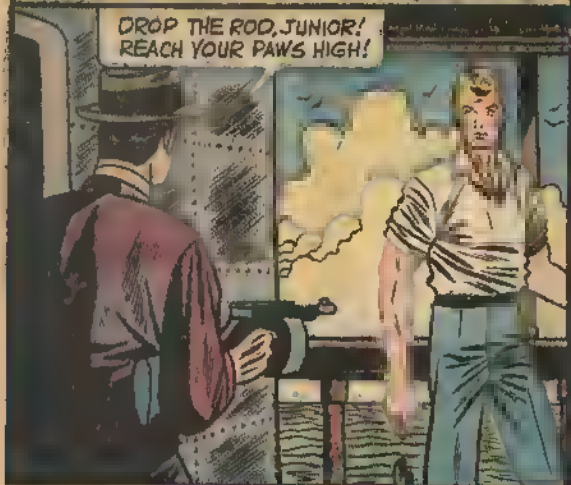


THEY HAD TAKEN MY ROD, BUT I NOW HAD AMENTO'S. I STARTED FOR THE DECK...



I WAS WELL ALONG THE COMPANIONWAY, AND FAILED TO HEAR A DOOR OPEN BEHIND ME...

DROP THE ROD, JUNIOR!
REACH YOUR PAWS HIGH!



IN THERE, JUNIOR. IN
THE MAIN CABIN!



IT WAS A
NICE SET UP...
VERY NICE. AND
I HAD BEEN
PUT ABOARD
TO PREVENT
ANY SUCH THING
FROM HAPPENING.
THE CAPTAIN
GLOWERED AT
ME. DAVIGA
WAS TALKING.
HE TURNED
TOWARD THE
GOON AND
ME...

WE GOT THIS WHOLE SHIP BOTTLED
UP, SEE? IT WON'T DO YOU ANY
GOOD TO TRY ANYTHING...

HEY...I SENT AMENTO
TO GET THAT BUM...
WHERE IS HE?

I DUNNO. JUNIOR
WAS ON THE LAM
WHEN I FOUND HIM!



DAVIGA SENT THE GOON TO THE STATE ROOM. PRETTY SOON.

YOU LOUSY #!!G!!
SHAMUS! I'M GONNA
BLAST YOUR HEAD
OFF!

PIPE DOWN, TONY! HE AINT
GOIN' ANYWHERE! STASH
THE ROD! GO LOOK OUTSIDE!



WE ALL LOOKED TOWARD THE CABIN WINDOW. AS
I TURNED I SAW DAVIGA LOOK AT HIS WRIST WATCH.
HE SAID: "IT'S TEN TO FIVE... IN FIVE MINUTES OUR
BOAT'LL BE HERE."



IT'LL TAKE A HALF HOUR TO UNLOAD THE GOLD.
THEN ME AN' MY PALS ARE GONNA L.A.M. YOU
WON'T REPORT US. THE RADIO'S JAMMED
PLENTY. HERE'S THE PAYOFF ON THIS DEAL.
LAST NIGHT WE PLANTED A BOMB THAT'LL
BLOW THIS RAFT APART LIKE A MATCHBOX!
IT'S HOOKED UP TO THE CLOCK IN THE
CAPTAIN'S CABIN! HA, HA, HA!



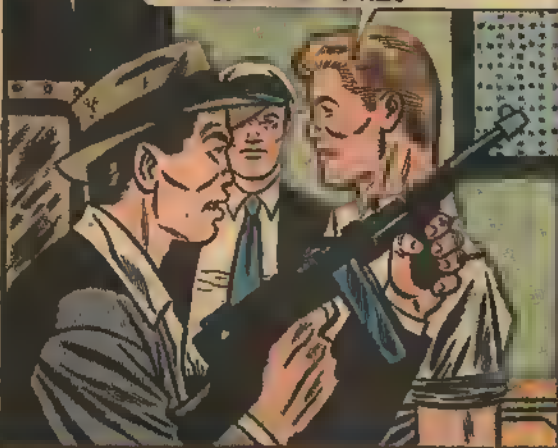
MOST OF MY GUYS WILL GET ABOARD, SEE?
BUT ME AND THE BOYS WITH THE TYPE-
WRITERS WILL STAY UNTIL FIVE TO SIX.
...AT SIX THIS CRATE BLOWS APART!

THERE'S
ONLY ONE
THING THAT
IS WRONG,
DAVIGA...



HUH??
WHADDOYA
MEAN?

THIS IS APRIL 26TH, THE LAST SUNDAY
OF THE MONTH. AT TWO A.M. THE CAPTAIN'S
CLOCK... ALL SHIP'S CLOCKS... WERE SET
AN HOUR AHEAD FOR DAYLIGHT
SAVING TIME!



ACCORDING TO THAT, YOUR
BOMB IS DUE TO GO OFF IN
ABOUT FIVE MINUTES!



MY WORDS COULD HAVE BEEN THE BOMB ITSELF EXPLODING, FOR AN INSTANT EVERYONE STOOD IN TERROR. THEN THE GOONS RUSHED FOR THE DOOR... ALL BUT DAVIGA. THE PASSENGERS WERE SLOWER TO REALIZE. I RUSHED DAVIGA!!!



THE CAPTAIN GRABBED DAVIGA'S GUN!!!

WE WON'T LEAVE UNTIL THE LAST SECOND. ALL CREW MEN TAKE YOUR PLACES!



OUTSIDE, TERROR REIGNED AMONG THE GOONS.



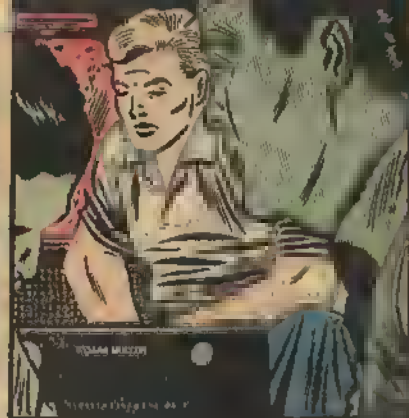
WHERE IS THE BOMB, DAVIGA? MAYBE WE CAN GET TO IT IN TIME! THERE ARE STILL A COUPLE OF MINUTES!

IN THE BOILER ROOM, BEHIND THE NUMBER THREE BOILER! HURRY! HURRY!!

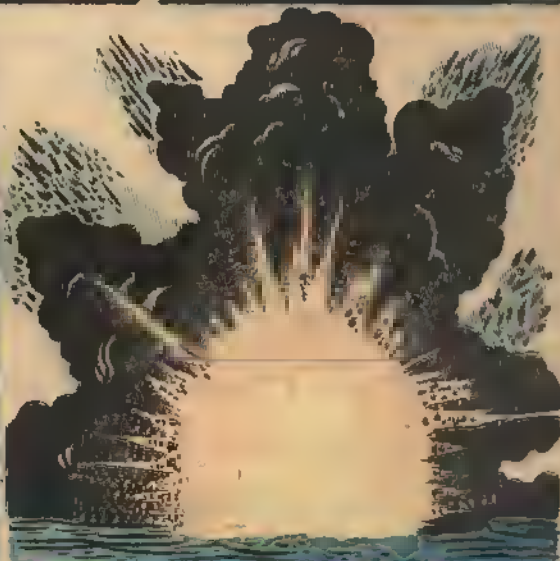
TWO ENGINEERS WERE ALREADY BACK AT THEIR STATIONS, WHEN I REACHED THE BOILER ROOM...

QUICK! I WANT A HAND!

I'VE DISCONNECTED THE WIRING! ONE OF YOU HELP ME CARRY IT UP! THEN GIVE THE SHIP FULL SPEED AHEAD!



ON DECK I REMOVED THE PIN AND WE HEAVED THE BOMB. THE SOUTHERN SPRITE WAS ALREADY UNDER WAY WHEN THE BOMB HIT DAVIGA'S BOAT...



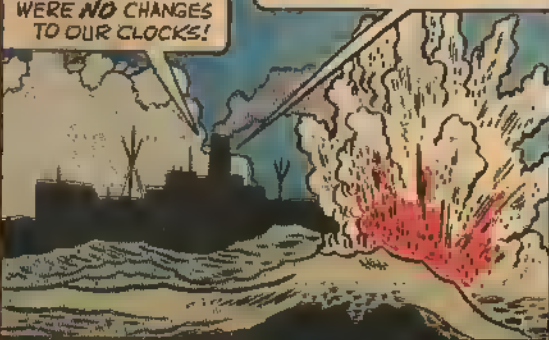
THE SOUTHERN SPRITE WAS CLEAR, AND WEAKING A ZIG-ZAG COURSE UNTIL THE SKIPPER GOT CONTROL. THEN SHE STRAIGHTENED OUT...

STARK, THAT WAS QUICK THINKING ON YOUR PART. YOU KNEW OF COURSE THAT WE RUN ON STANDARD TIME! THAT THERE WERE NO CHANGES TO OUR CLOCKS!

OF COURSE, CAPTAIN. I WAS SURE GLAD YOU KEPT THE PASSENGERS FROM JUMPING OVERBOARD. WE HAD TO GET RID OF THAT MOB, BUT FAST!

DAVIGA'S OUR ONLY CANDIDATE FOR THE ELECTRIC CHAIR, BUT... WHATEVER MADE YOU THINK OF THAT DAYLIGHT TIME GAG?

FUNNY IN A WAY, I SAW A CALENDAR THAT REMINDED ME OF A YEAR AGO. THAT WAS A HAPPY PARTY WITH A SAD ENDING. GUESS I THOUGHT IT MIGHT BE NICE TO REVERSE THE ORDER THIS YEAR!





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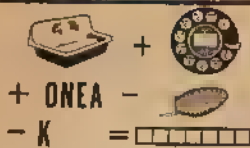
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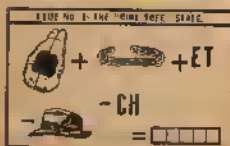
HOW TO SOLVE SAMPLE PUZZLE

CLUB No. 1 THE "HOOSIER" STATE



You will see there are a SINK, a DIAL, the SOLE of a shoe and various letters of the alphabet. There are two plus and two minus signs. It is necessary to add and subtract the names and letters as shown by the plus and minus signs. First, write down SINK. Then, add DIAL to it. Next, add ONEA. All this equals SINKDIALONEA. Now, you must subtract the letters in SOLE and K. When this is done you are left with INDIANA. Indiana is the Hoosier State, so the result checks with Cline No. 1.

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PUZZLE at the left. Here is a typical puzzle with every picture waiting to be identified. Everything open end above board — nothing tricky. That's one big reason you'll agree this is among the fairest, squared contests ever offered to American puzzle fans.

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